

I was falling, falling by edgy_fluffball

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-02

Updated: 2018-02-02

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:36:02

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,176

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Mostly Billy's thoughts on something that surprises and breaks him with the final confession that is to change things as they were. Part of the Harringrove challenge on Tumblr.

I was falling, falling

Author's Note:

Songlyrics: Rita Ora - Poison

I'm a lightweight and I know it
Cause after the first time I was fallin', fallin' down

He hurt in a way different from what he knew. It filled him from head to toe, made his bones sing and his teeth chatter whenever he relaxed his jaw. It held him close at night when he curled into himself, kept him warm from the inside and calmed him when he couldn't sleep. It assured him that he felt anything, that there was something to keep him going through every new day, and it reminded him off the inevitability of his situation. Truth be told, he could do without the last one.

He felt pathetic more times than not, haunted by the white noise of his thoughts rushing through his head. He caught himself staring all the time, taking a risk he dreaded; risking being seen and confronted by his classmates. It made him feel high, the rush like his personal drug, the lurking danger behind him made him lightheaded.

And wasn't that just perfect? Knocked out by some feelings to the point that he couldn't remember what he had done before his look got caught. Some lightweight he was, hadn't even put up a fight; when he realised what was going on, it had been too late.

It had been when he caught Harrington whistle *You Shook Me All Night Long* in the hall. Harrington had noticed that he had been busted, gifting Billy with a wide grin and a wink in response. It shut him down for just a moment, but it was long enough for him to walk over some freshman, and drop his books.

'Watch your fucking step, 'he growled and ran off, he would skip practice and spend the afternoon somewhere far away from the school and Harrington.

It had started out so easy and natural, two souls who craved attention

and validation orbiting around each other. Once they moved past the ever looming expectation of punches being exchanged, they had found out about their respective need for a way to release the tension they harboured inside. The kids hanging out had meant that their babysitters – it stuck, no matter how often both of them complained – spent time waiting outside of the arcade, sitting on the hood of one of their rides, Billy smoked and Steve tried his hardest to conceal the way he still flinched whenever Billy made sudden movements. It had been boring most of the time, so they started talking. Talking progressed into hanging out on their own, hanging out turned into private encounters.

Steve had not succeeded in hiding how troubled he was from time to time. Billy had noticed how his looks were distant sometimes, and that he needed a moment to remember where he was. At one point, he had grabbed Billy's hand and squeezed it hard enough to bruise his fingers. They had met later as well, after the kids were home and the night dark enough to cover their shapes. Billy had returned the favour of the bruises, sucking them into the skin over Steve's collarbone; they had spent minutes of silent togetherness before breaking apart, getting into their cars and driving off into opposite directions.

Steve had nudged him in the ribs on one of the following days, 'Do you think...if we ever again needed to –'

'- blow off some steam?' Billy leaned closer to watch Steve blush, 'Sure we can. Just tell me when you need it.'

He glanced down at Steve's lips. They were slightly parted, shiny and quivering as he sucked a breath in. All of a sudden, it struck him. He looked at Steve and saw it. He breathed in and smelled it. He gave his best wanton grin and felt it. The pain.

It had been his constant companion these last weeks. He felt it whenever Steve strolled over the parking lot towards him, grinning and blushing already. He felt it when they kissed, when Steve sucked and bit his way over his chest, he felt it in their shared relief and the small, breathless moments afterwards, when both of them were too drained and too tired to just get up and leave.

Billy knew he would never be able to quit. Steve Harrington had turned into a drug he could no longer live without. With his bag in the back he was free to begin his weekend. Max spent the afternoon somewhere else, followed by a sleep over, something Billy had worked for. Maybe because it meant that Steve had no plans as well.

They had started to meet up at the Harrington's because there the risk of someone disturbing them was lower than anywhere else in Hawkins. Billy still parked down the road, just in case. Not waiting directly in front of the house allowed him a few moments on his own. He stared at his hands on the steering wheel. His knuckles turned white, he bit his lip and tried to steady his breathing. The last thing he needed to happen was for Steve to smell a rat.

He felt pathetic every time he merely thought about addressing the doubts and uncertainties filling his head. He, Billy Hargrove, chickened out of speaking his mind. He struck against the dashboard. The familiar frustration settled in, just one of the feelings he needed to get out; one of the feelings Steve helped him get out.

Billy jogged up the driveway towards the house. His heart leapt into his throat, fluttering wildly. There was no need to knock, he jumped over the garden fence in the back and entered the house through the patio door.

'Steve?' he called out, 'Are you home yet?'

'Upstairs,' Steve's pacing was audible in his room, 'I want you to lose jacket and shirt before you enter this room!'

Billy couldn't help but smile at the eagerness in Steve's voice, 'When you say so...'

He tugged his jacket off and unbuttoned his shirt. The fingers fumbling with the buttons shook, he could feel his eyes burn and swallowed down the lump in his throat. He needed to get his act together, not for his own sake or his libido, no. Steve needed him too, he couldn't just think of himself first. Halfway up the stairs he had plastered the smile onto his lips, and tucked every thought of his own safely into a faraway corner of his mind.

‘There you are,’ Steve came up to him, crossing his room with just a few steps, ‘oh, I needed you earlier today, I could have punched a hole in the wall after Tommy thought his original joke would land –‘

‘You? Punch a hole into a wall?’ Billy grinned and embraced Steve in his arms.

Immediately, he felt him mouth at his jaw, tracing down the form of his neck to the crook of his neck. His hot breath ghosted over the spit slick skin, making him shudder. Billy sucked in a breath, allowing his arms to hold Steve, for just a moment, until he had collected himself again.

‘I could punch a hole into whatever I want to,’ Steve huffed out, nibbling at Billy’s collarbone, ‘you are awfully tense today, is something going on with you?’

‘No, nothing,’ Billy mumbled into Steve’s shoulder, feeling his heart rate pick up, ‘did Tommy do anything to you? Do you need me to avenge you?’

‘My knight in shining armour,’ Steve grinned and licked a stripe over Billy’s pec, ‘what is wrong with you today? I’m still wearing my shirt and pants!’

He laughed, giggling into the crook of his arm. Billy pushed him back an arm’s length and studied his face. Steve sounded wrong, too windy and jumpy, and his hands, now trying to open his pants, seemed jittery.

‘Steve,’ Billy traced his cheekbone with one thumb, ‘you are a goddamn sight or sore eyes.’

The wandering fingers stilled, hooked into his waistband. Big brown eyes demanded he look at them, Billy felt the warmth creep into his cheeks, he knew he had let something slip out that he should not have said, they didn’t do compliments, they just didn’t do that. He stood there, with bated breath, waiting for the inevitable.

‘Billy, honestly – what is going with you? You are different today, something is off about you,’ he cupped Billy’s face in his hands,

forcing him to return the stern glance, 'hey – we can talk, you know that, right? We don't need to...you know what I mean! Come on, tell me what's going on, do you really think I don't see that you're upset?'

Billy allowed himself to rest his head in Steve's hands, 'You wouldn't want to hear it.'

'Shut up. Except you want to tell me?'

He couldn't resist the doe eyes, all he managed was a soft sound of reluctance before caving in, 'Listen – just promise me you won't run off. Because nothing has to change, I know both of us rely on what we have, that we make it work because we need to let it out, because we would be at each other's throats again otherwise. I know it's easy to just have sex and go home afterwards, but I can't. I can't just see you as that. I thought I was strong and could just switch it off. Turns out I'm a lightweight. It didn't take much for me to lose myself, 'cause after the first time I was falling.'

'What do you mean?' Steve pulled his hands back, leaving Billy feeling lonely.

'I mean that it didn't take as much as you kissing me and ripping my clothes off a few weeks ago to send me flying. It took as little as you making me feel something good for the first time in ages for me to fall.'

'Fall?' Steve sounded cautious, his eyes darting over Billy warily.

'Steve, I think I'm falling in love with you.'

Steve didn't make a sound. Instead, he was staring at Billy who felt exposed, all of a sudden too aware that he wasn't wearing a shirt, and his pants were gaping open. Then, with one brisk move, Steve turned to the window. Billy felt his heart in his boots. So much for being open and honest. He should have kept it in, suffering and enduring, but with the opportunity to feel Steve close whenever one of them needed it.

'How, Billy?' Steve turned back around with his arms crossed over his chest, 'How could you?'

‘Excuse me? Are you honestly asking how I could fall in love with you? Have you ever seen and met yourself? You are the best, kindest, bravest, most helpful and badass guy I ever got to meet. Plus, you don’t look bad. Do you really want to tell me you don’t know that? I just know that I see that, okay? I see you as you are, just Steve. And let me tell you, just Steve is the best thing I know right – ‘

Steve flung himself at him, folding his arms behind Billy’s neck. All he could do was catch him and take a step back to lean against the wall. And then, just as Billy thought he had steadied himself, Steve did something he hadn’t imagined to happen after his confession: he kissed him.

His eyes slipped shut, his knees buckled and he could feel a sob fight its way up his throat. Steve’s lips on his kept it at bay, distracting him and making him feel more than he had before. Something about this kiss was different, as if his confession had flipped a switch.

Steve’s tongue invaded his mouth, plundering hungrily. Billy kissed back, not holding back what he had all those weeks before. It was rougher than any kiss they had shared before in their lust-filled bliss and post-coital frenzy. The kiss had the hairs on his arms stand on end, something warm flooded his guts. It washed through his body, drowning out the pain, filling him with contentment and happiness.

‘You idiot,’ Steve broke away gasping, rested his forehead against Billy’s and rubbed his nose against his cheek, ‘you fucking idiot, did you really think I wouldn’t take kindly to your feelings?’

He pressed smaller kisses to Billy’s cheeks, tracing a line only he could see. It made Billy feel even better because the slightly offended gaze in Steve’s eyes suited him even better than the doe eyes.

‘I didn’t know,’ Billy was surprised he could still talk, his voice breathy and raspy, ‘How the fuck was I supposed to know you would jump me?’

Steve rolled his eyes and kissed him again, ‘Well, I reciprocate. Those feelings, I mean.’

‘Good to know,’ Billy breathed in, nuzzling at the crook of Steve’s

neck, until a thought crossed his mind and had him look at Steve as serious as he could manage with the other one still hanging from his neck and his crotch rubbing against his hip, 'we're still gonna fuck, right?'

The following deep kiss Steve pressed to Billy's lips until both of them were out of breath and Billy's knees threatened to give in, was a promise.